

# CATO's Ghost.

27 APR 65

FROM happy Climes where Vertue never dyes,  
The much mistaken Cato forc'd to rise;

Drawn on the Stage to patronize a Cause  
Which Living Cato could not but oppose:  
With artful Smiles the charming Pages shine,  
And Treason glows in each Brocaded Line.  
Oh! Addison! couldst thou not be content,  
To sacrifice good Sense and Argument!  
Had'st thou no other way to rise to Fame  
And Fortune, but by wounding Cato's Name?  
Mean and Injurious! had but Cato liv'd  
In Britain's happy Isle, how had he griev'd?  
Griev'd for a King, struggling in Storms of Fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling State.

So busy Rebels, when they would delude  
The Honest, unsuspected Multitude,  
Grace their Rebellion with a Patriot's Name,  
And work their Story in the finest Frame.  
Britain attend, by Cato's Sense approv'd,  
And show that you have Vertue to be mov'd.  
That sacred Plan of Power deliver'd down  
From Age to Age, from Father to the Son,  
Is each Man's Rule of Action, and had He  
Been subject to a King's Authority,  
Even Cato's Self had bled for Monarchy.

The Field which Honour moves in, is not wide,  
The Laws her Warrant, Wisdom is her Guide,  
All else is Frenzy, Madnefs all beside.

Britains believe tho' the Day seems most fair  
Tempests and Storms are gath'ring in the Air;  
Oppression, Power Usurp'd, and Tyranny,  
Can never know a long Prosperity.

Some mighty Vengeance, some chosen Curse, sure  
Some hidden Thunder in the heavenly Store,  
Is now discharging on the Heads of those  
Who dare aspire above the Country's Laws.  
Ambitious Demons wait their Fall below,  
Cæsar, and Cromwell, and the Proud Nassau.  
Britain be just: Nor sell your Honesty,  
Nor look on Grandeur with a dazzled Eye.  
Cæsar had all the Courtly winning ways,  
Cæsar had Balls, and Cæsar went to Plays;  
Cæsar would Whore, and Rant, and Drink, and Fight,  
Cæsar had Gold, but Cæsar had no Right,  
This was the Case of Rome, consider well  
If Britain be not a just Parallel.

But will you wanton in your Misery,  
And for Diversions sell your Liberty?  
You see the Man in a false glaring Light,  
Which Empire sheds on him, but view him right,  
You'll find him Black with Crimes of deepest die,  
Murder, Usurpation, Tyranny.

Oh! where's the Ancient British Genius fled?  
Are Justice, Honour, Vertue, Bravery, dead?  
Shall Tyrants revel in the British Store,  
Whilst Rightful Princes beg from Door to Door?  
Shall the sole Britain left of Royal Blood,  
Be forc'd from Court to Court to sue for Food?  
While the Usurper, impiously Great,  
Plumes with the Pompous Ornaments of State,  
And lavishes away the Heir's Estate?

Britains! for shame behold the wondrous Youth,  
With how much Care he forms himself to Truth:  
How Just, how Brave, how Gen'rous, how Wise,  
How Good he is, without the least Disguise.  
Nor all the Ills that cover can obscure,  
The rising Glory of the Royal Power:  
With radiant Force it breaks the Clouds of Night,  
And blazes more Illustriously bright.  
Such is your Prince, how can you then be Slaves,  
To Madmen, Fools, Whores, Foreigners and Knaves?  
Rise Britains, rise, your King demands your Aid.  
God and St. George, can Britains be afraid?  
In such a Cause break thro' the thick array  
Of the Usurper's Guard, and force your way.  
Some lucky Hand, more favour'd than the rest,  
May charge him home, and reach the Monster's Breast,  
Restore your King, and make your Country blest'd.

The Attempt is worthy of the noblest Hand,  
The Attempt may every British Heart command.  
Improve the lucky Now, assert your Laws,  
Nor fear to die in such a glorious Cause.

Cato's Experience in the World of Bliss  
Assures you everlasting Happiness.  
There the Brave Youth with love of Vertue fir'd,  
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd,  
Shall know he conquer'd: The firm Patriot here,  
Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,  
Tho' still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost  
Shall find the Generous Labour was not lost.